



ZAP #9

10th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE. ADULTS ONLY. ONE DOLLAR.



THE CHECKERED DONKEY

© S. CLAY WILSON 2/17/78.



I COULD USE A BEER. COULDN'T YOU? THERE'S A PLACE DOWN THERE.

THE PLACE WAS DOOLEY'S COOL CLUB. THE HANG-OUT OF THE "ERSATZ ANGELS" MOTORCYCLE CLUB...

COME AWHN JERRY YA' FOO, PASS DNR 800.



EM WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL ONE BAD MOTHER Fucker. CHECK OUT MY MAP. JUST HOW MANY SCRAPS DO YA THINK 'HOW MANY'?

VA EVER WIN?

I MYSELF AM FAIRLY RAUCOUS. I HAVEN'T TAKEN A BATH IN OVER A YEAR. I'VE PISSED, PUNKED AND SHAT ON MYSELF AS HAVE OTHERS. I HAVE MY BLACKTIED AND GREEN WINGS AND ILL EAT AND DRINK ANYTHING INCLUDING BANANA SLIPS AND DOG SHIT.

SEVEN PISS FROM A PLUNGER. MY LEON I BEEN SHOOTIN' METH AND WATCHIN' STORS. I DUNG EVERY RED ENT INTO MY STOMACH.

YEAH. I GOTTS ALL THEM BEEN HARDLY ABLESON PRODUCTS. PINE SHADES BEER MUGS. BEACH TOWELS. LIGHTER COACH CUP. COKE SPOON. T-SHIRT BELT BUCKLE. WATCH. MAG ACCESSORIES AND SFT SPRAY DEODORANT.

WHAT A BUNCH OF LOW LIVES LET'S GOIN AND GET A BEER. BUDDY



IN THE BAR...

I HAVE THEM ON YOU PAUL STINE PINNERS. WHAT COULD BE MORE COLORFUL THAN THE INFINITE RAIN-ROW SPECTRUM OF THE SCOTISH TARTAN? ITS PREDECESSOR BEING THE CHECKERED PATTERN... DORNNED OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO. BY THE ANCIENT CELTS.



POW



KICK

THAT GOES FOR YOUR RUNNING MATES TOO.



BOP



PUNT



GOT WHISKER BURNS ON MY FNUCKLES. COME ON PLUG. LETS BELL UP TO THE BAR.



A GUY SURE HAS TO GO THROUGH X AMOUNT OF GRIEF JUST TO GET A GOLD ONE... WELL... WHERE TO NEXT? ...WHY EXCUSE ME, PLUG. HEY BAR-KEEP.



AND BRING A BEER FOR MY FRIEND HERE... HE DONT GIVE NO ONS...

ZAP COMIX #9

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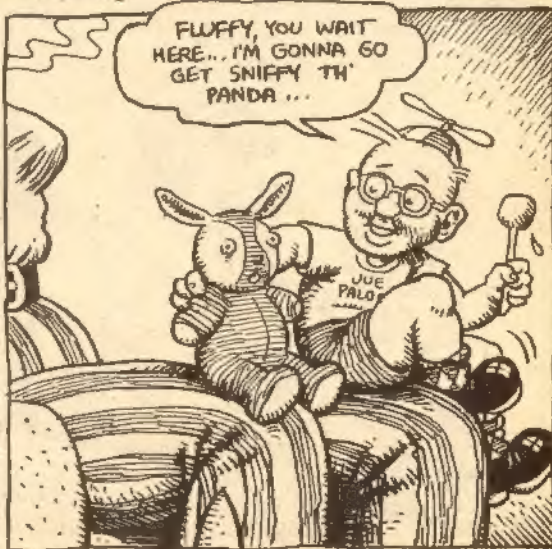
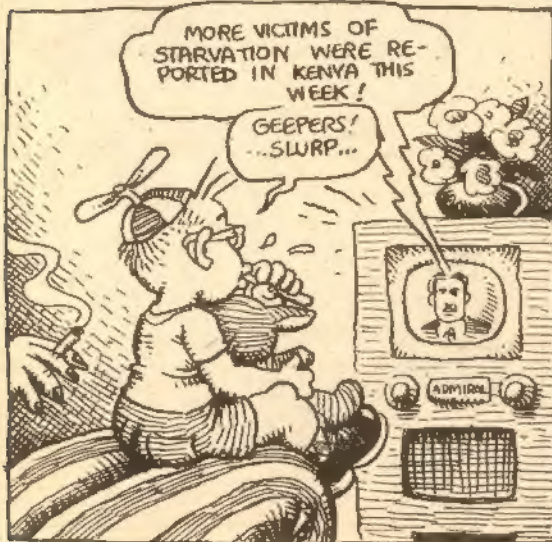
YOU PEOPLE BETTER GET HIP TO THE FACT
THAT WE'RE LIVIN' IN THE —

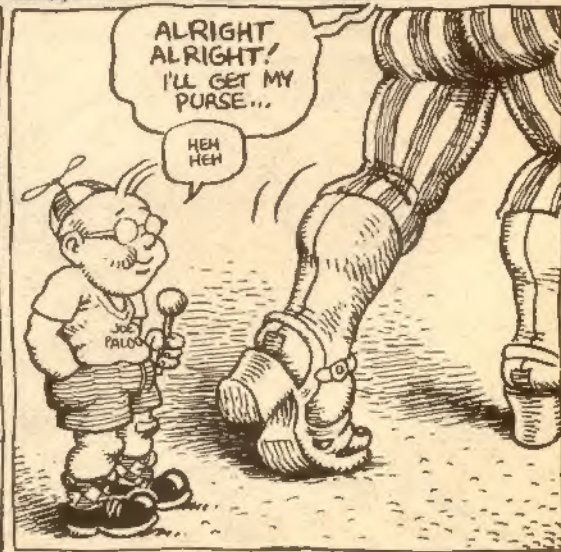
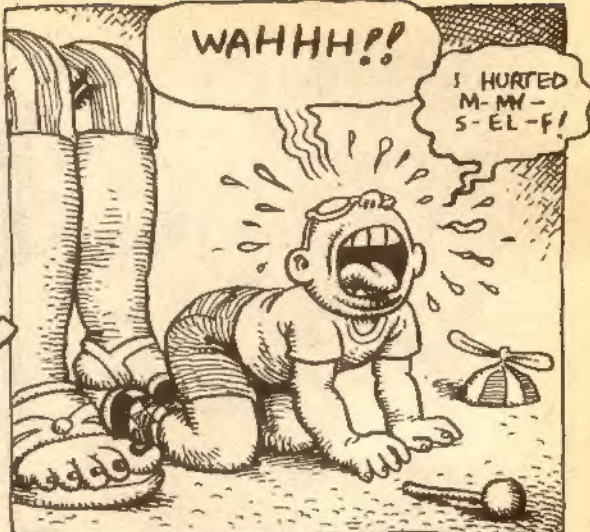
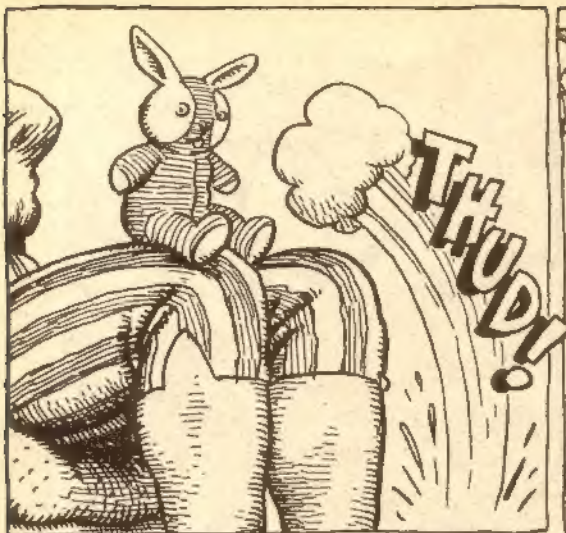
Lap O' Luxury

Another
Booshwah
Guilt Comic
by
R. Crumb



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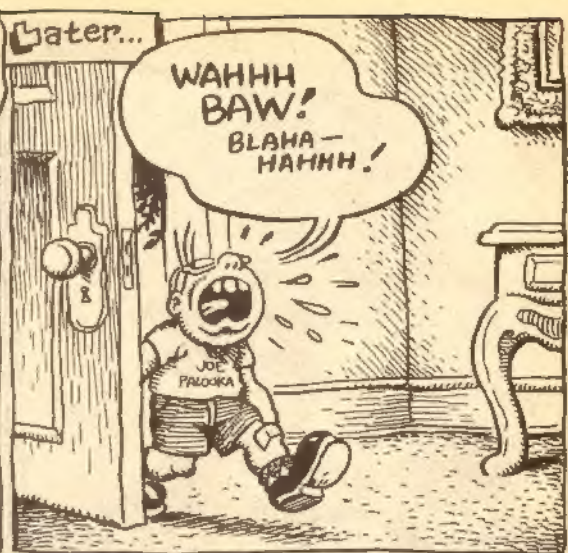




HERE!! I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP ON THE COUCH NOW, SO BE QUIET AN' DON'T BOTHER ME! OKAY?

...AN' DON'T EAT ANYMORE! IT'LL SPOIL YOUR DINNER!

OKAY! OKAY! JUS' GIMME TH' MONEY, WILLYA?



Water...

WAHHH BAW! BLAHA-HAHHH!



WAHHH BWAHHH

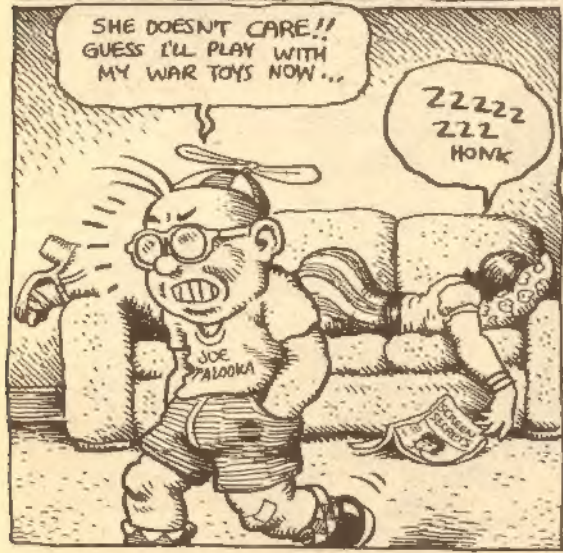
ZZZZ...HUH??? WUZ WRONG WITH YOU?...

A BIG KID STOLE MY DOLLAR!! BLUBBER CHOKE SPLUT



YEAH...WELL... ZZZUCK... SNORK... ZZZZZ...

SNIFF SNIFF



SHE DOESN'T CARE!! GUESS I'LL PLAY WITH MY WAR TOYS NOW...

ZZZZZ ZZZ HONK



BRRRUMMM!

GRRR

POW!

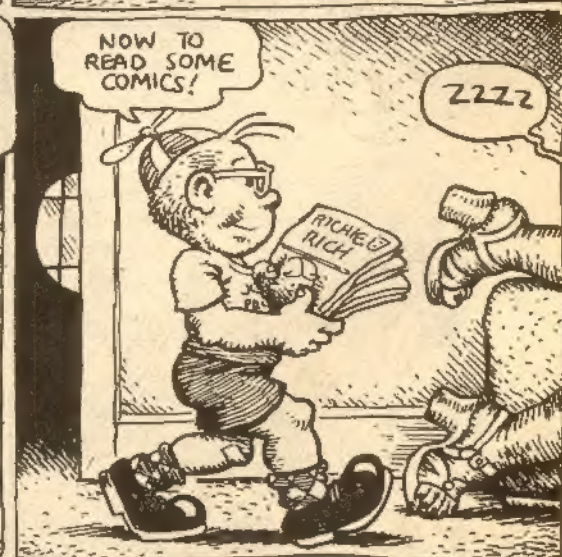
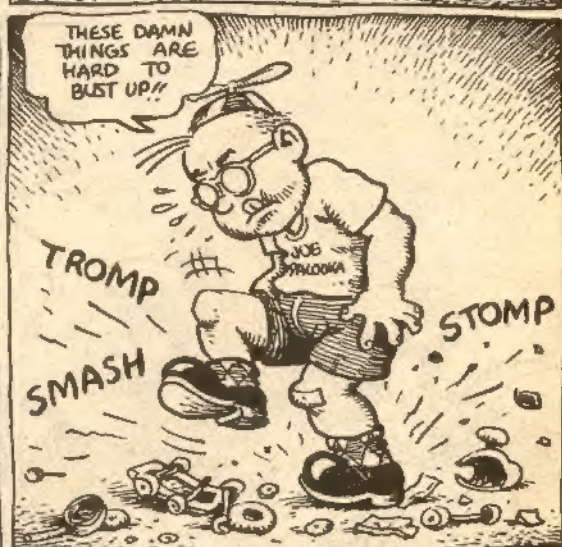
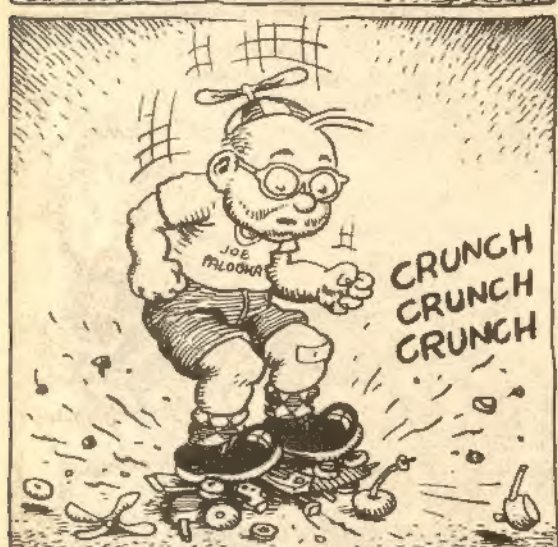
EYYAAH!

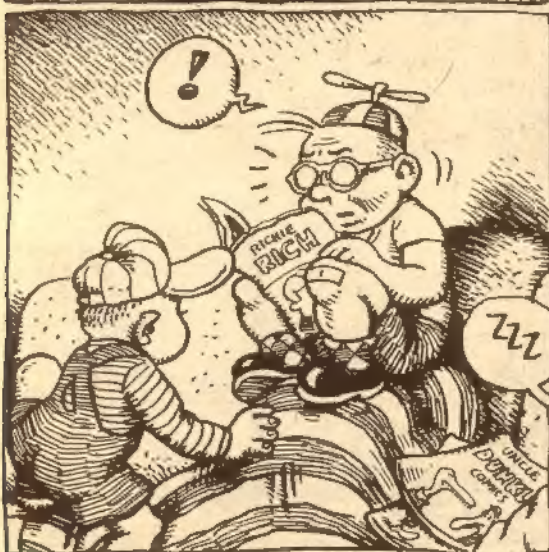
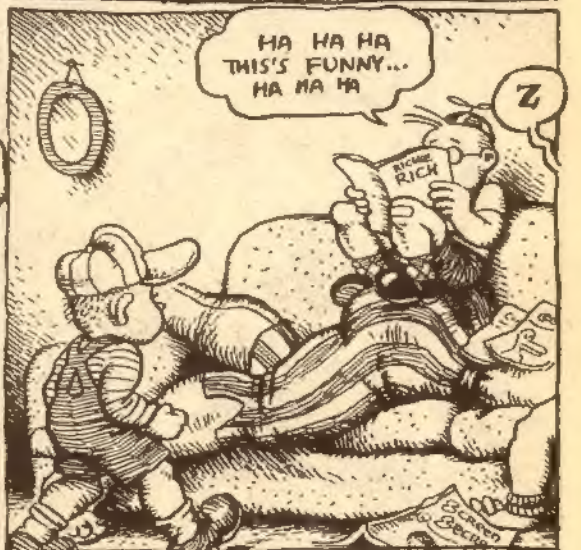
UH OH LOOK OUT, SARGE!

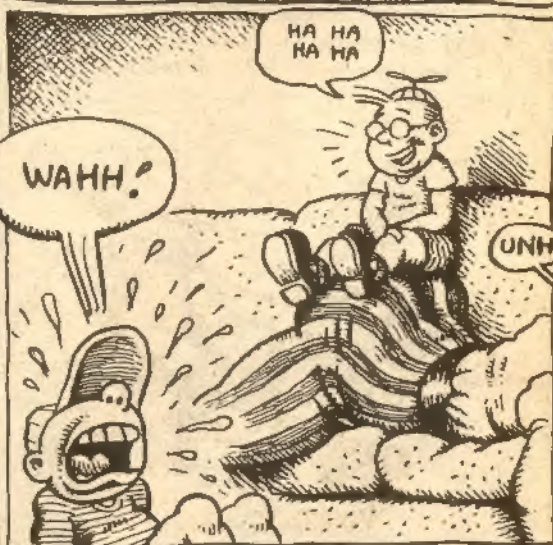
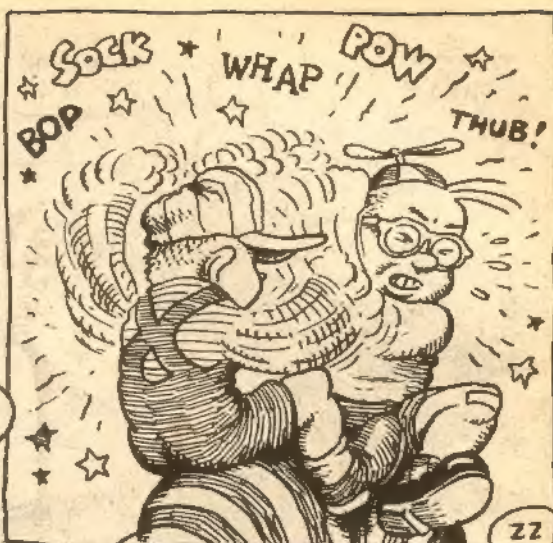
SMASH!

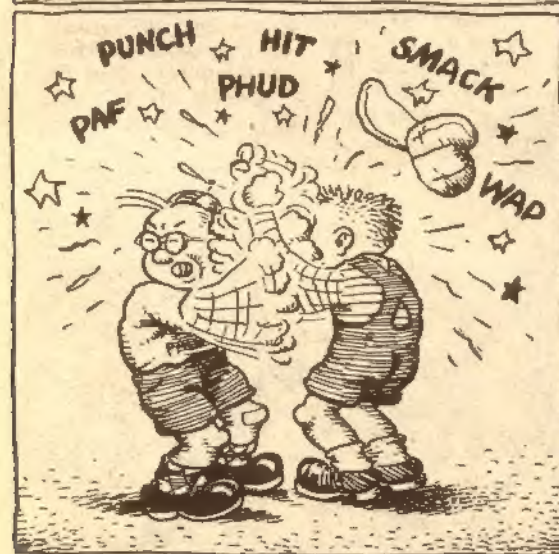
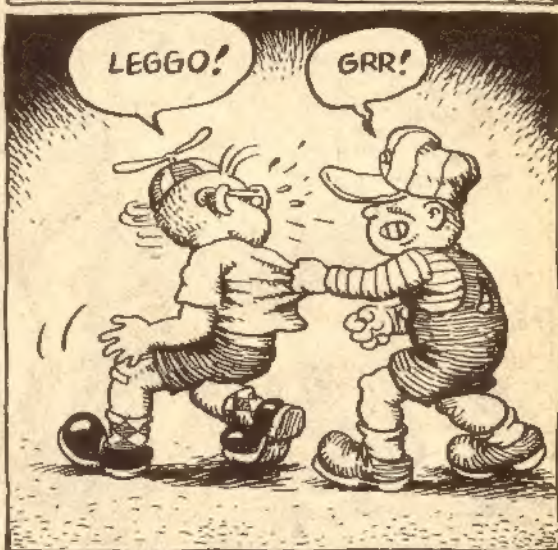
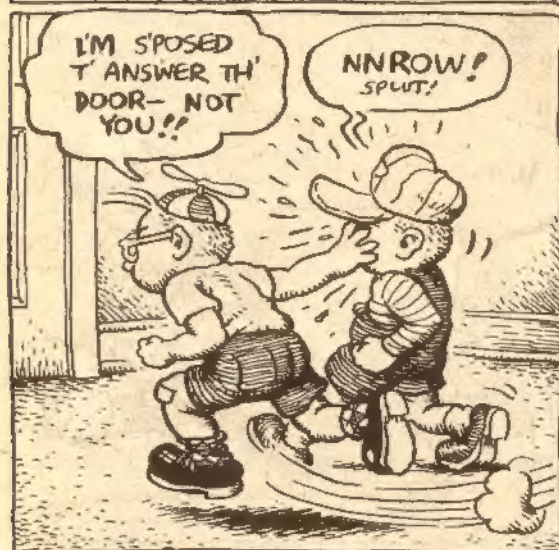
HERE COMES TH' RUSSIANS!!

OH NO-O-O!









OH HI-I-I!! LONG
TIME NO SEE! HOW'VE Y'BEEN?!

HI BETY... WAS JUST
IN TH' NEIGHBORHOOD
SHOPPIN'—THOUGHT I'D
DROP BY.

WHO
IS IT?

WELL GO-O-OD!

I CAN ONLY STAY A
FEW MINUTES... I GOT
A MILLION THINGS T'
DO BUT I FIGURED I
COULDN'T BE SO CLOSE
BY AN' NOT SAY
HELLO...

OH BY
ALL
MEANS!!

IT'S HER
FRIEND
DORIS..

SIT DOWN! TAKE A
LOAD OFF Y' FEET!
WANT SOME COFFEE?

OH NO THANKS... I
BEEN RUNNIN' AROUND
ALL DAY... I KIN USE
A REST... HEH HEH...

UHP

I SIMPLY ADORE
YOUR NEW COLOR
SCHEME... THE RED
'N' GREY IS SO
EXQUISITE!!

OH YOU LIKE IT?
CHUCK IS SO STINGY...
HE'S GRIPING ABOUT
THE MONTHLY PAYMENTS,
BUT I JUST HAD TO HAVE
THIS LIVING ROOM RE-
DECORATED...

HER BOOTS
GIVE ME A
HARD-ON...

BOBBY, QUIT SKULKING
AROUND... COME SAY HELLO
TO DORIS...

HI BOBBY!
HOW'RE YOU?!

HE LIKES YOU
BUT HE'S A
SHY KID...

I CAN TELL HE LIKES
ME BY THE WAY HE'S
BLUSHING... ISN'T
THAT PREVIOUS??
HA HA HA!

HE'S DOING VERY
WELL IN SCHOOL!
CHUCK'S SO PROUD
OF HIM! HE'S A
SMART ONE, THAT
ONE... BUT VERY
STUBBORN! OH,
IS HE EVER
STUBBORN!

OH, DIDJA WATCH TH' BARBRA STREISAND SPECIAL LAST NIGHT? SHE HAS SUCH A MARVELOUS VOICE, DONTCHA THINK?

OH I KNOW! AN' HOW 'BOUT THAT BERT REYNOLDS?! MM-M!

OH REALLY! ISNT HE A HUNK THOUGH?! I THOUGHT THAT NUMBER THEY DID TOGETHER WUZ RILLY GOOD!

THEYRE BOTH RILLY LOADED WITH TALENT! BUT I READ THAT HIS MARRIAGE IS ON TH' ROCKS!!

GIDDY-UP! GIDDY-UP!

BOUNCE
BOUNCE

OH REALLY?
OBOY, NOW'S MY
BIG CHANCE!!
HA HA HA!

GIDDY-UP!
YA-HOO!!

HA HA!
YOU AN'
A MILLION
OTHER
WOMEN!!

SO ANYWAY
YABBER YOBBLER
OBBLE GOBBLE

YEAH
ABBLE
GLOBBLE
YAMMER
YERBLE
GLIBBLE

GOBBLE GOBBLE
GOBBLEGOBBLE
GOBBLE

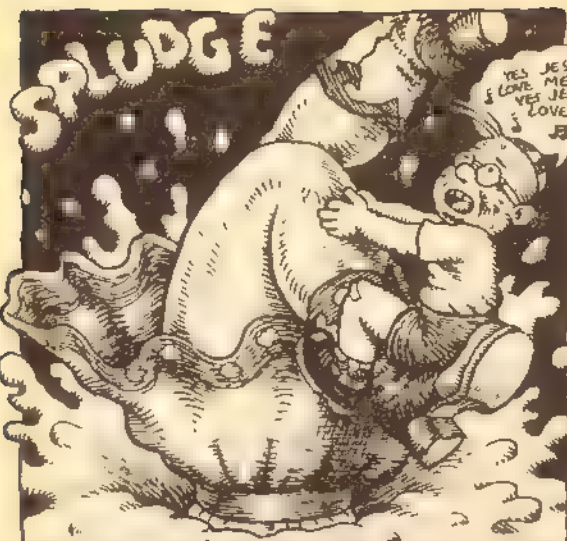
JESUS LOVES ME
THIS I KNOW
FOR THE BIBLE
TELLS ME SO

GOBBLE
GOBBLE
GOBBLE
GOBBLE

YA-
HOO!

LITTL' ONS TO
HIM BEE LONG
THEY ARE WEAK
BUT HE IS STRONG

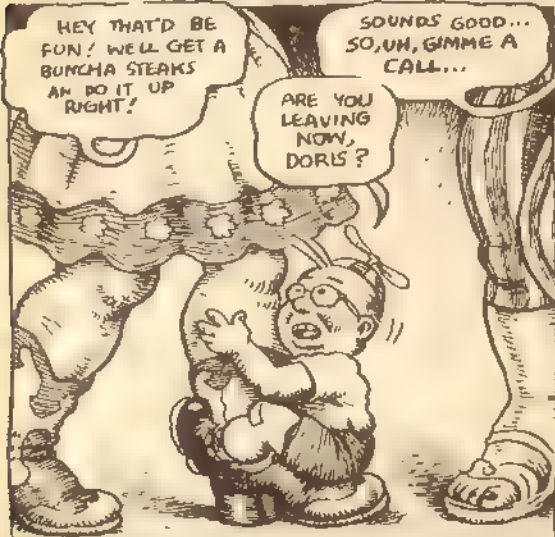
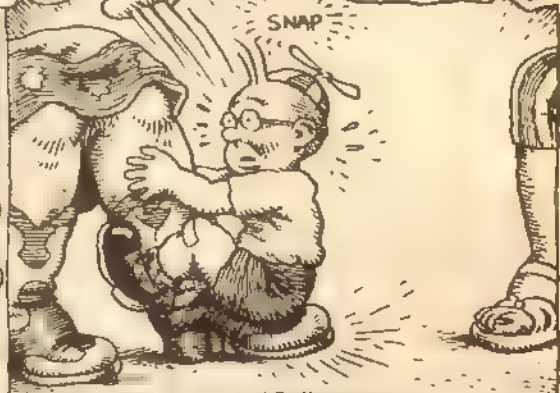
GOBBLE
GOBBLE
GOBBLE



YES JESUS
LOVE ME
YES JESUS
LOVES ME
JA

WELL, BETTY, I
REALLY SHOULD
GET GOING.. I STILL
GOT ALOTTA SHOPPIN'
T DO...

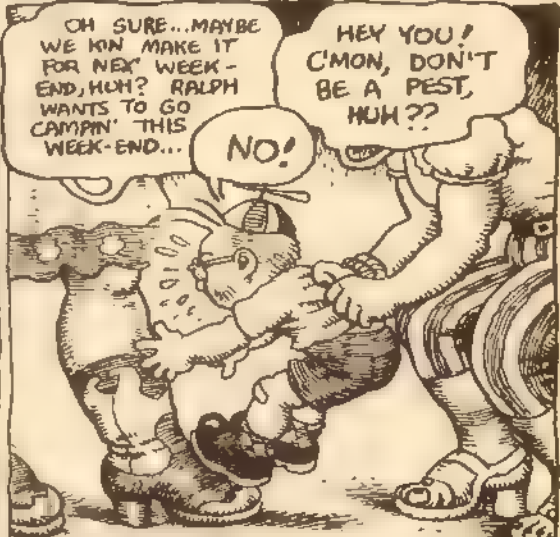
OKAY, BUT LISTEN,
LET'S ALL GET TO
GETHER OVER HERE
SOMETIME- HAVE A
BARBECUE OR
SOMETHIN'!



HEY THAT'D BE
FUN! WE'LL GET A
BUNCH A STEAKS
AN DO IT UP
RIGHT!

SOUNDS GOOD...
SO, UH, GIMME A
CALL...

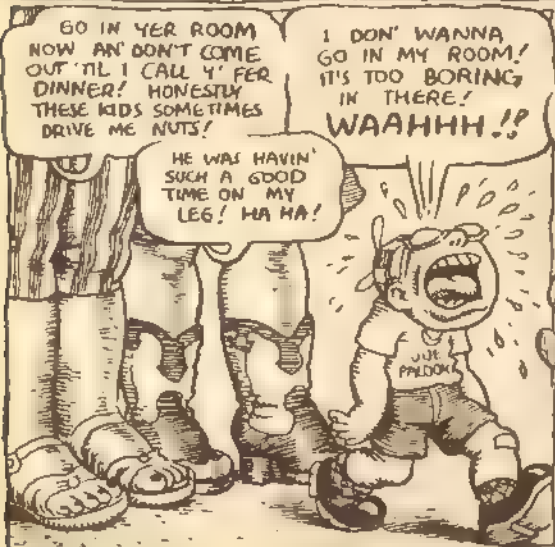
ARE YOU
LEAVING
NOW,
DORIS?



OH SURE...MAYBE
WE KIN MAKE IT
FOR NEX' WEEK-
END, HUH? RALPH
WANTS TO GO
CAMPIN' THIS
WEEK-END...

HEY YOU!
C'MON, DON'T
BE A PEST,
HUH??

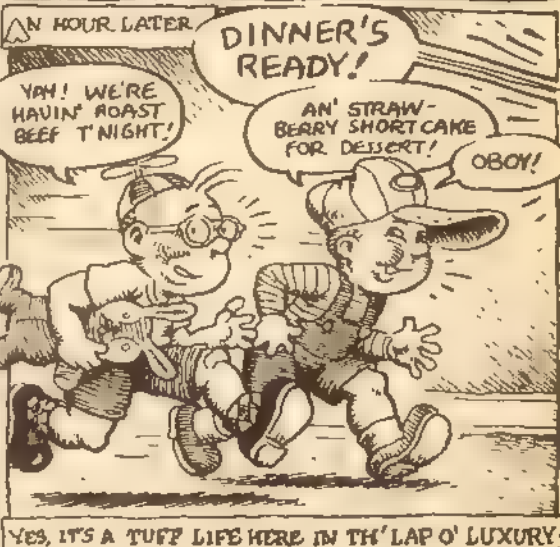
NO!



GO IN YER ROOM
NOW AN' DON'T COME
OUT 'TIL I CALL Y' FER
DINNER! HONESTLY
THESE KIDS SOMETIMES
DRIVE ME NUTS!

I DON' WANNA
GO IN MY ROOM!
IT'S TOO BORING
IN THERE!
WAAHHH!!

HE WAS HAVIN'
SUCH A GOOD
TIME ON MY
LEG! HA HA!



AN HOUR LATER

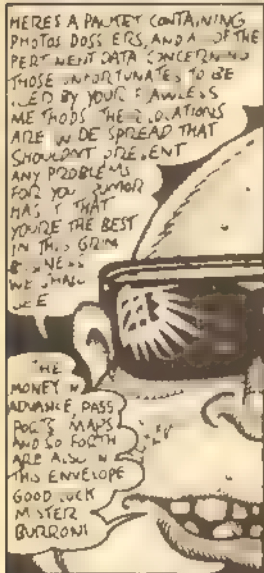
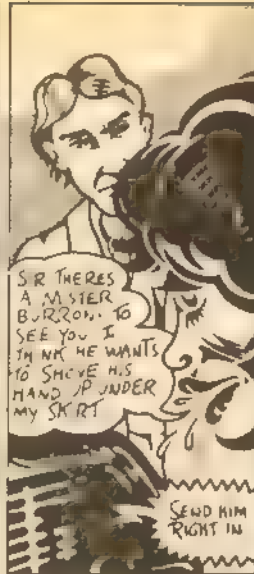
DINNER'S
READY!

YAH! WE'RE
HAVIN' ROAST
BEEF T'NIGHT!

AN' STRAW-
BERRY SHORTCAKE
FOR DESSERT!

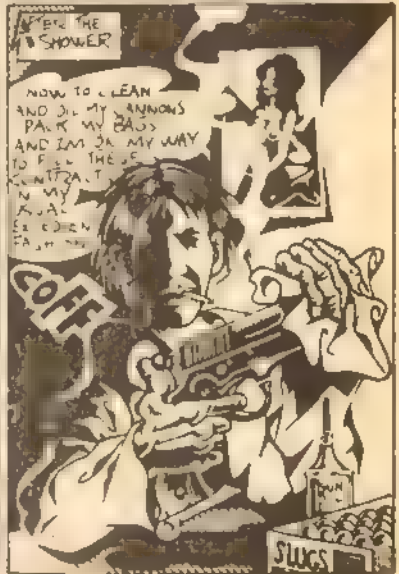
OBOY!

YES, IT'S A TUFT LIFE HERE IN TH' LAP O' LUXURY!





AND IN MISSOULA, MONTANA THOSE GOOD OLE BOYS WERE WHOOPIN' UP IN SOME LOW-DOWN SALOON ONE TO BE YET ANOTHER TARGET FOR AMAL B



ON THE TINY ISLAND OF MIKROKOSMAOS WE FIND ANOTHER FUTURE VICTIM SIPPING A SWEET OILY DRINK IN THE TAVERN OF A FISHING VILLAGE



HMMMM I WONDER IF THESE TWO FAT INTOXICATED JERDS WILL BE A BITCH TO LEAVE
MOTHER FLEET PLEASE



NO DAYS LATER

THERE THEY ARE A PAIR OF PICTOGRAPHIC SITTING DUCKS A PIECE OF CAKE

A WACK BOUNCER OR TALKER AFTER NO MATTER

INTER-GALACTIC STEAK-PICNIC
ETHNIC LESSONS RALLY
STUFF



BLAU BLAU

HEY BURBA SOME BODY'S SHOOTIN' AT UH

JOE M. M. MEL



COUPLE OF FLESHY GORRATS FROM THE BASTED FAT MEN CHATTED

SHIT FIRE LITTLE RUBBA SOME BODY SURE FIXED OUR HOSTS LITTLE RED WAGON

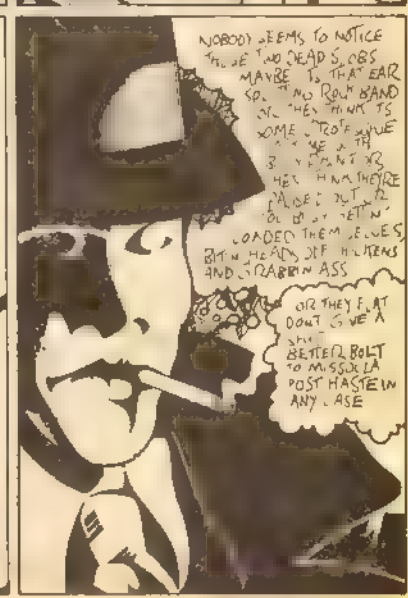
A BOLT FROM THE BLUE EM LITTLE NORMAN



JAM YOUR PALID HAND INTO MY OWN NUCKLE DEED DOOS

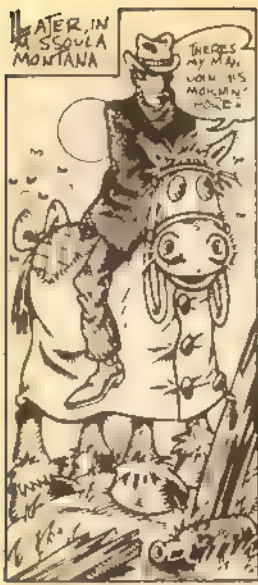
BE WE MAKE THE WAY TO HER

OUR NEW HOME AND HOSTESS

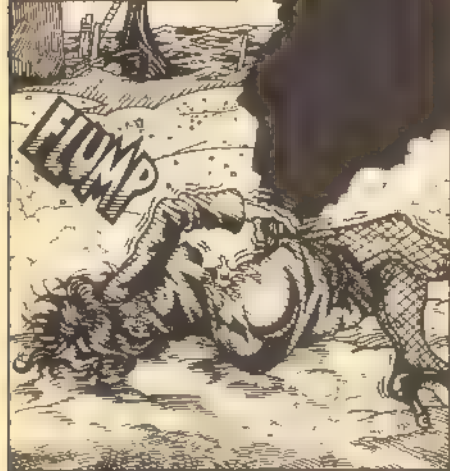


NORBODY SEEMS TO NOTICE THESE TWO DEAD S.O.B.S MAYBE IS THAT EAR SO. THEN HUNTS IS SOME TROUBLE ME A TH 3 YOUNG OR HER HAN IN THE PAUSE OUT OF OL BLOTTIN LOADED THEM SELVES WITH HEADS OF HILKENS AND TRABBIN ASS

OR THEY EAT DONT GIVE A SHIT BETTER BOLT TO MISSOULA POST HASTEWN ANY LASE



THE LADY IN BLACK DIES COILING IN THE DUSTY STREET. HER YOUNG BODY PERFORATED BY SMALL CAUBER BULLETS



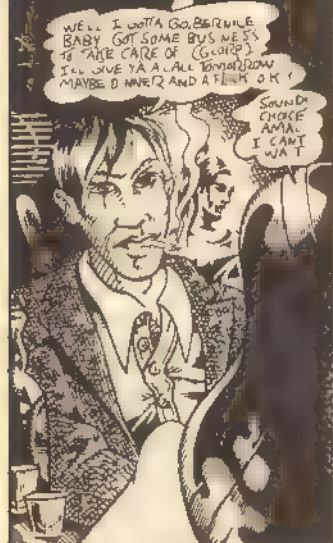
WELL THAT'S DONE NOW TO GET BACK TO THE STATES



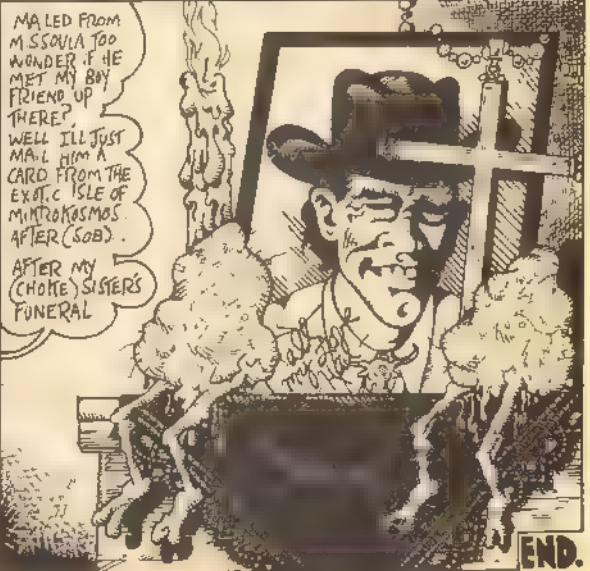
UPON HIS RETURN HOME, AMAL DECIDES TO RELAX WITH A DRINK. MAYBE PICK UP A LAY BEFORE CHECKING IN WITH MISTER BIG



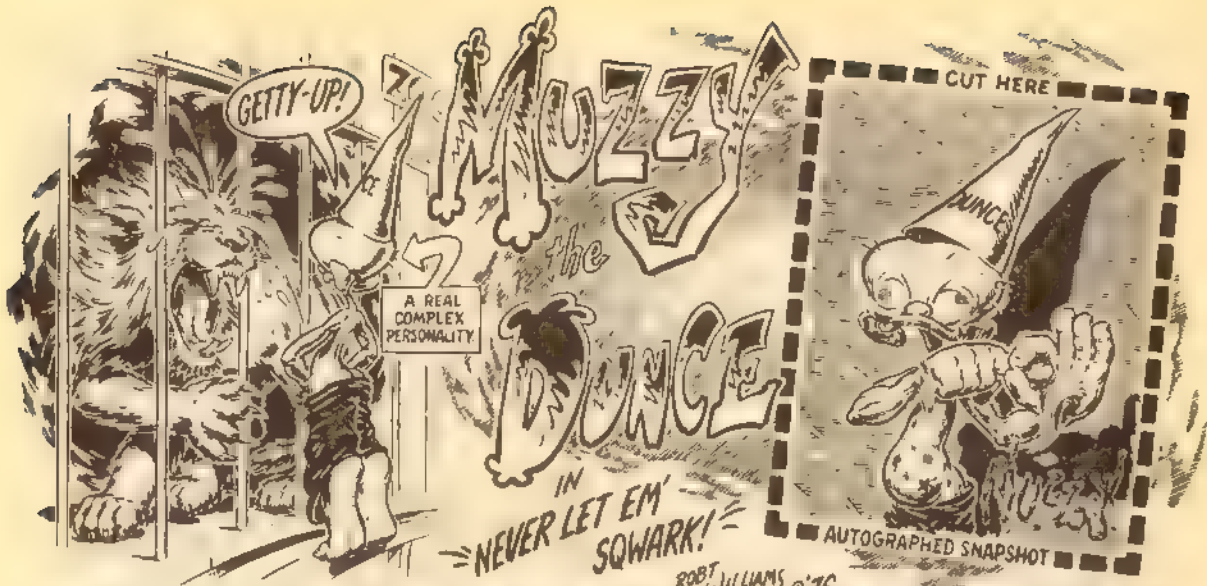
HOURS LATER...



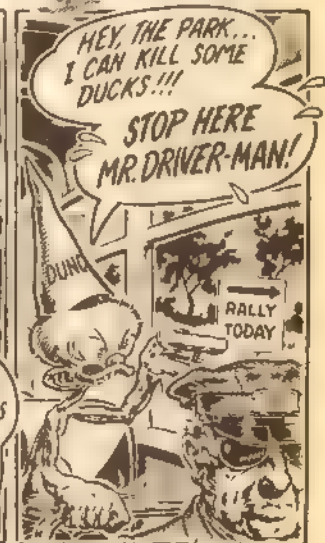
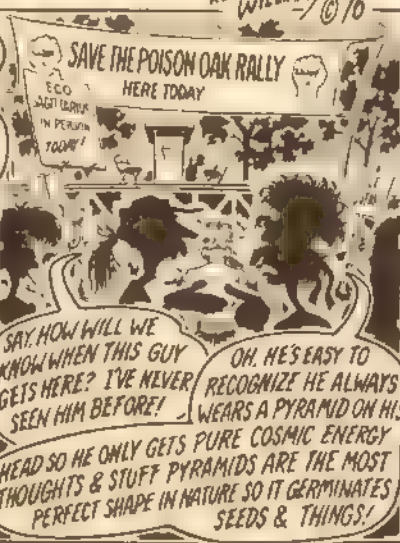
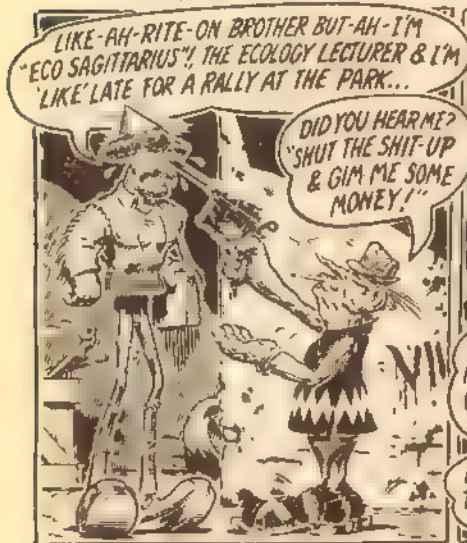
ACROSS TOWN, MISTER BIG'S RECEPTIONIST READS A POST CARD



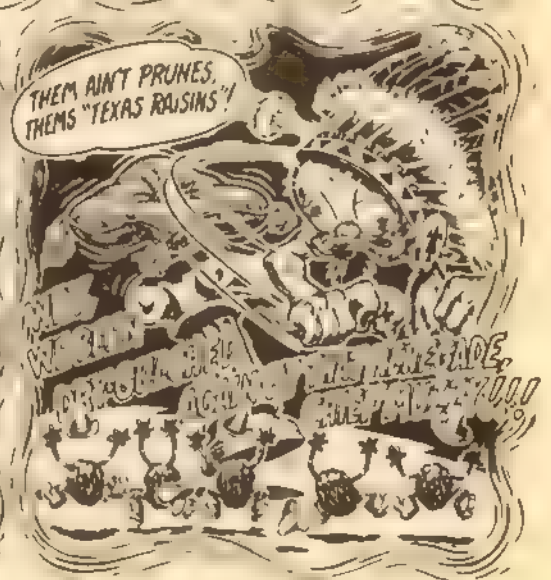
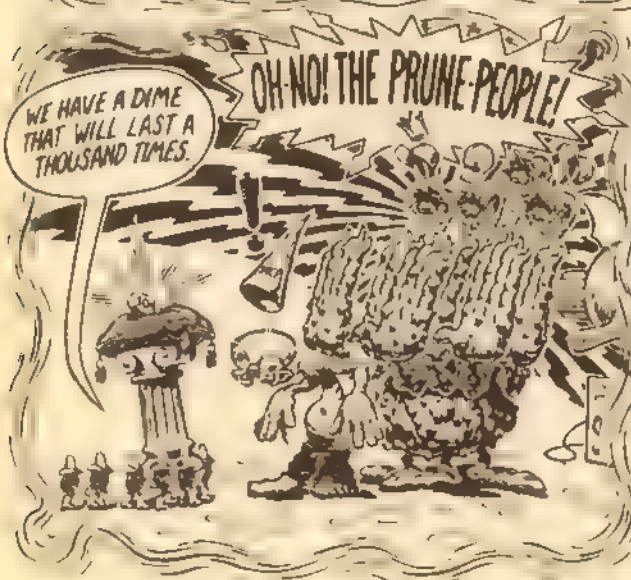
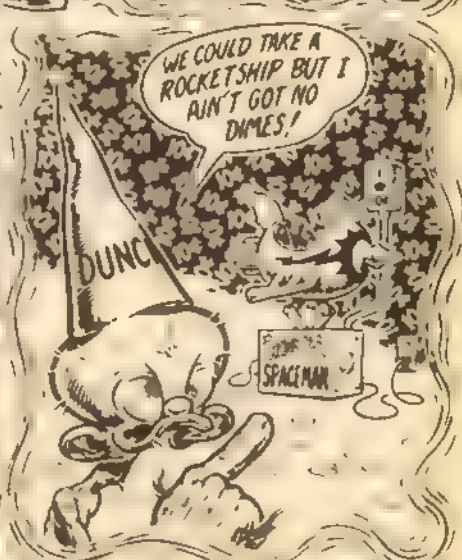
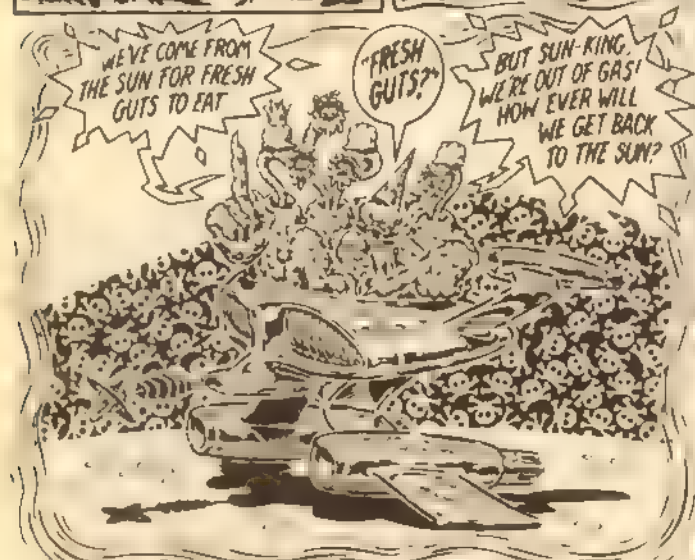
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ROBT WILLIAMS ©76





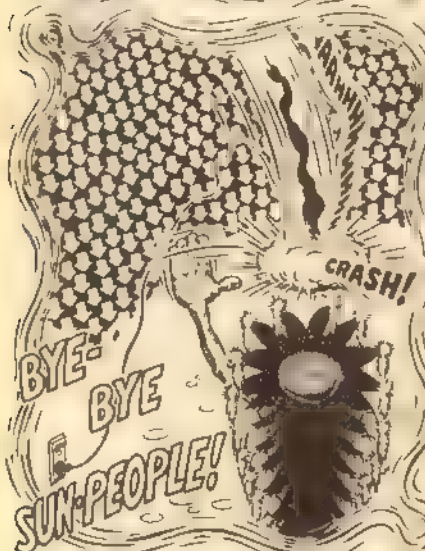




HOORAY
FOR BIG CHIEF
MUZZY

WHOZ'
TEEPIN'
10¢
US
GET
BACK
TO THE
SUN!

BYE-BYE
MUZZY
BOING



BYE-BYE
SUN-PEOPLE!



I DIAGNOSE THESE
SYMPTOMS AS AN EXTREME
CASE OF 'DOWN'S DISEASE'
OR QUITE SIMPLY, A
MONGOLOID IDIOT

LOOK DR LATHAM,
THE PATIENT IS
STARTING TO
COME AROUND.

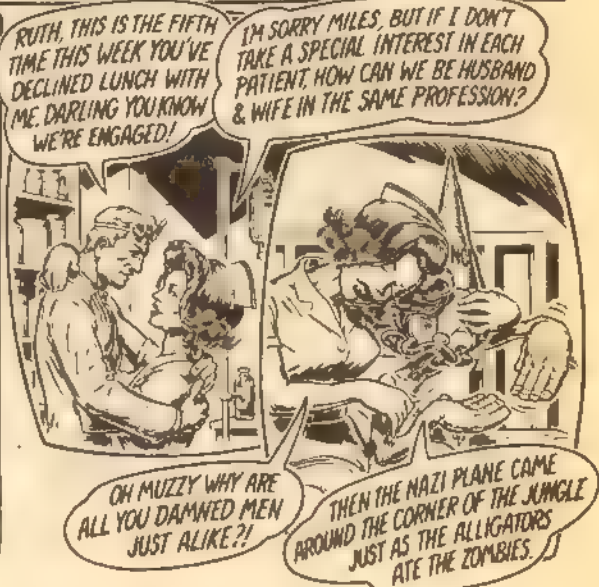


WHERE AM I?

YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT
FELLOW, YOU'VE JUST
HAD A LITTLE
ACCIDENT AND
WITH A LITTLE
CARE YOU'LL BE ON
YOUR FEET IN NO
TIME

RUTH, WOULD
YOU GIVE OUR
PATIENT CLOSE
ATTENTION
UNTIL HE CAN
GET HIMSELF
REORIENTED?

EASY NOW
SWEET,
JUST REST!

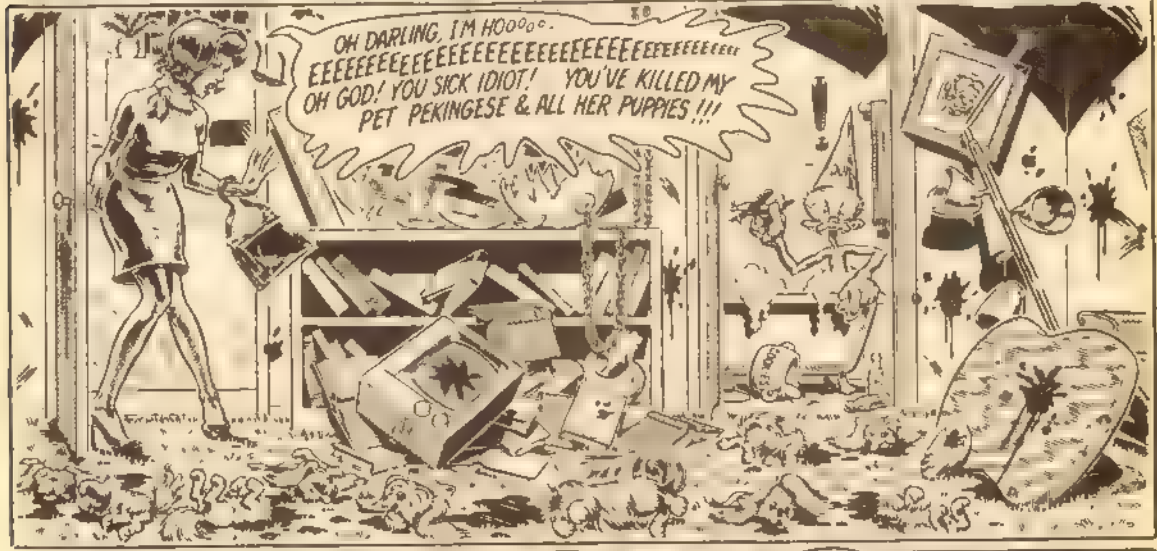


RUTH, THIS IS THE FIFTH
TIME THIS WEEK YOU'VE
DECLINED LUNCH WITH
ME, DARLING YOU KNOW
WE'RE ENGAGED!

I'M SORRY MILES, BUT IF I DON'T
TAKE A SPECIAL INTEREST IN EACH
PATIENT HOW CAN WE BE HUSBAND
& WIFE IN THE SAME PROFESSION?

OH MUZZY WHY ARE
ALL YOU DAMNED MEN
JUST ALIKE?!

THEN THE NAZI PLANE CAME
AROUND THE CORNER OF THE JUNGLE
JUST AS THE ALLIGATORS
ATE THE ZOMBIES.



AMERICA'S OWN NATIVE FORM OF MEDITATION:
MOVIN' that STEEL!

IN TIMES OF GREAT EMOTIONAL STRESS, WHEN IT SEEMS AS IF MY WORRIES ARE ABOUT TO OVERWHELM ME, I OFTEN PERFORM THIS FOLLOWING SIMPLE PSYCHOLOGICAL EXERCISE!



I JUST GET IN MY CAR AND GET ON THE FREEWAY AND JUST DRIVE ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE!



THE SENSATION OF FLYING ALONG WITH MILLIONS OF TONS OF STEEL IN PERFECT FORMATION WHILE THE EARTH SPINS SMOOTHLY BY UNDERNEATH... IT HAS A PROFOUND EFFECT UPON THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM!



IT PROBABLY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH MAGNETISM!

REMEMBER, "THE NATION THAT CONTROLS MAGNETISM CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE!"
—CHESTER GOULD

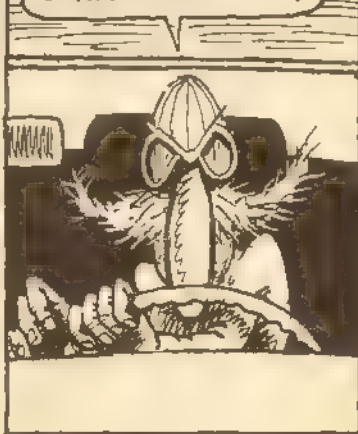


AND NOW, A GILBERT SHELTON
PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

I WOULD LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS ON THE NATION'S LATEST NUISANCES OF THE THOROUGHFARES!



I'M TALKING ABOUT RUNNERS AND JOGGERS WHO RUN ON THE STREETS AND ROADS, HEEDLESS OF AUTOMOTIVE TRAFFIC!



WHY, THEY'VE NEARLY RUINED SOME OF THE BEST DRIVING ROADS IN THE COUNTRY!

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM RUNNING ALL OVER EVERYWHERE! THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW!

THERE'S ANOTHER ONE NOW!





PIRATES' CANNIBALS
PICNIC TABLES
PULPY MATERIA
THIS FAR ABOUT SO APPROXIMATELY HERE



THE

BREAKS

THE AGENCY
HAS ALREADY
DONE THE PRELIMINARY WORK THAT
SHOULD BE A ROUTINE
"BLACK BAG"
JOB



AT THE SAME TIME
IN DIFFERENT PARTS
OF TOWN

SHORTLY AFTER WARTS

BELIEVE ME WE
CAN KNOCK OVER
THIS PLACE
EASY

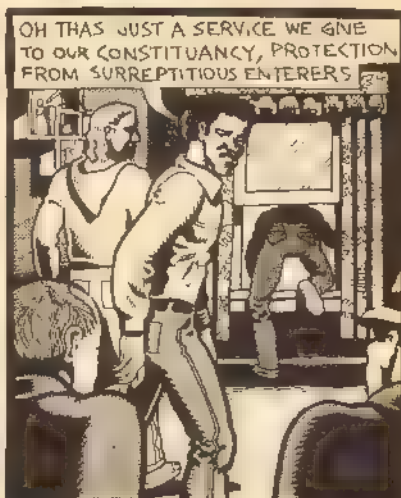


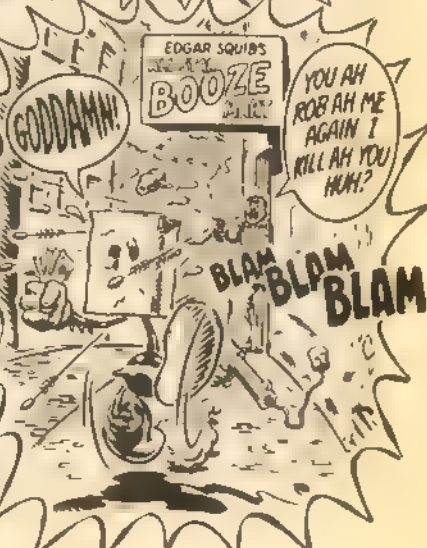
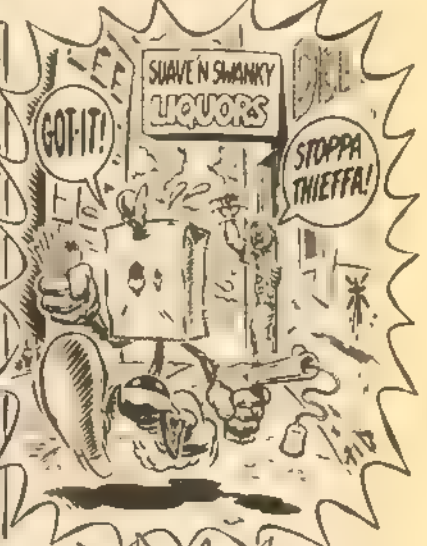
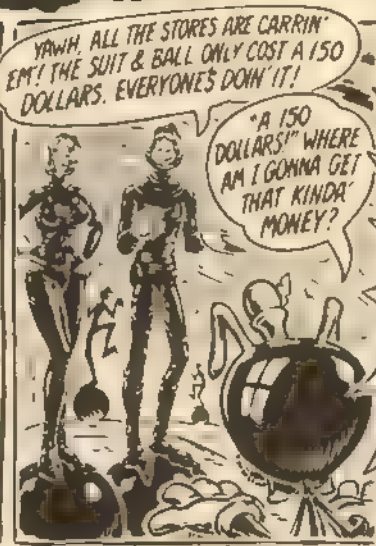
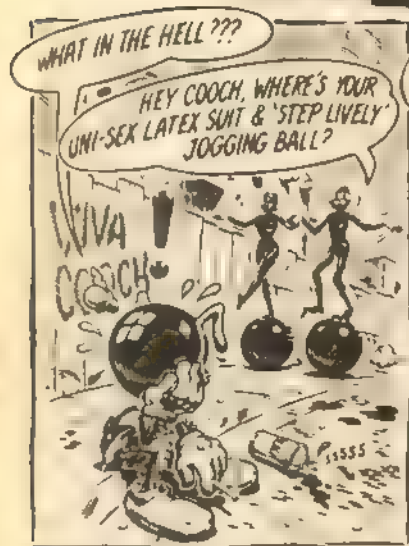
OUR OPERATIVES HAVE
REPORTED THAT THIS
PARTY WILL BE ON
VACATION FOR A
FEW WEEKS

I CHECKED THE
JOINT OUT GOOD
THEY ALL WENT
ON VACATION

SPAIN
C1972



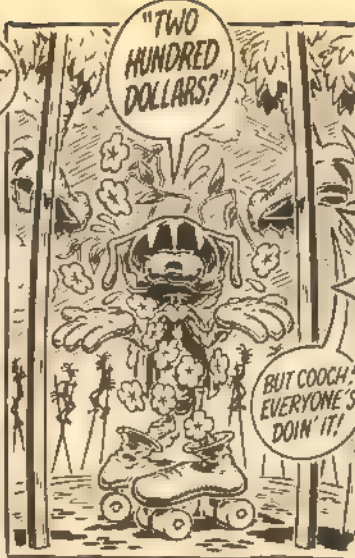




OH NO!
NOT CHICKEN
SUITS & STILTS?
GOSH COOCH. DON'T TELL
ME YOU HAVEN'T GOT YOUR
'PHEASANT LEISURE DISGUISE'
& 'ITALIAN WALK-TALLS' YET?



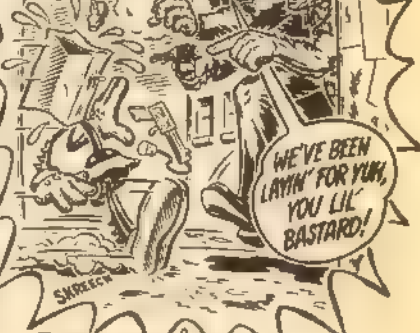
"TWO
HUNDRED
DOLLARS?"



BUT COOCH
EVERYONE'S
DOIN' IT!

OH SHIT!

THAT'S AH HIM,
OFFICER!



WE'VE BEEN
LAYIN' FOR YUH,
YOU LIL'
BASTARD!

HAIT OR I'LL BLOW
YOUR BRAINS OUT!



BLA BLA BLA

WHAT THE...?

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER

BUT OFFICER,
'EVERYONE'S
DOIN' IT!'

SCAA-REECH





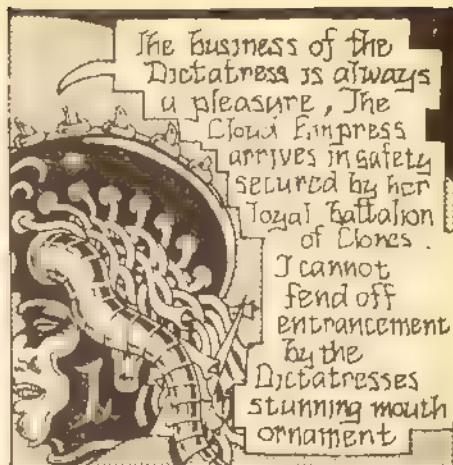
THE LAWYER SEWS ON THE
CAPTAIN'S EAR FOLLOWING
THE TRAY.

© S. Gray Wilson 1976



© SPAIN



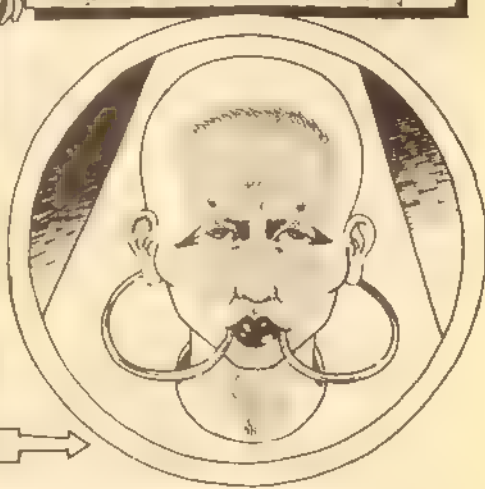


Afterward the imperial quest enters, flanked by her entourage of identical guardians



Announcing Her Serene Ultimance, The Empress Sangrella of the Cloud Ladies of Isxav

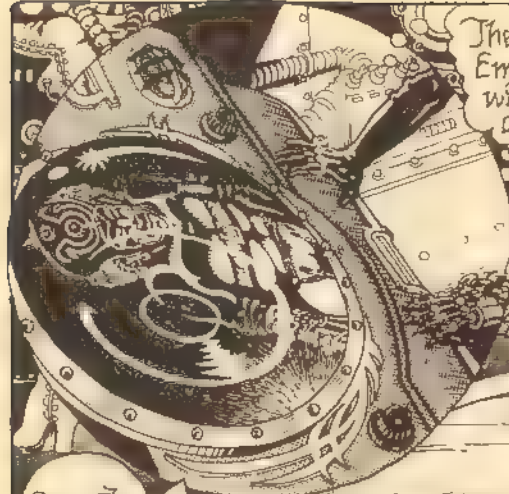
Upon seeing their twin mouth ornaments, the Dictatress stares in stunned disbelief as the Cloud Empress loses her serenity



Internal Fire



The Great Fleet again seeks out the Cloud Cities this time for a more sinister purpose.

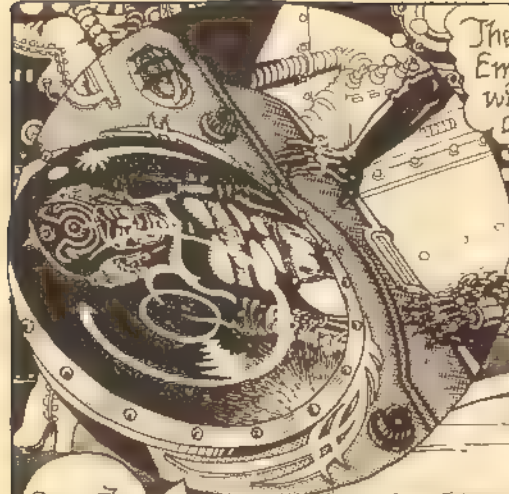
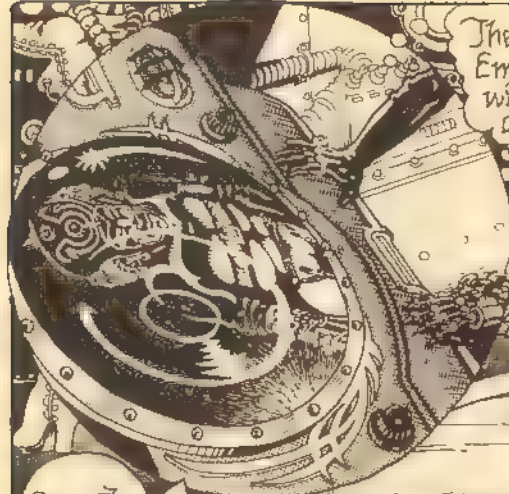
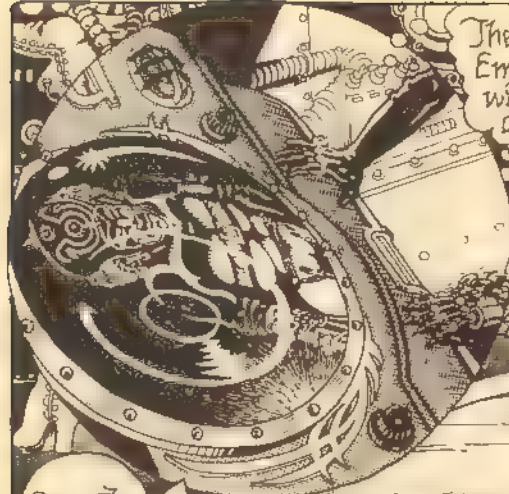


The Clones of the
Empress vex me,
with such uncanny
coordination do they
move

approaching
target..
stand ready

Sangrella
muses

Call my
Omnihopters
into the
air



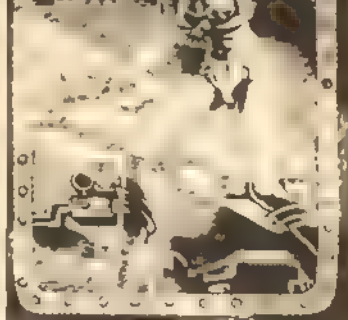
the
fleet of the
Dictatress
approaches
your Ultimance



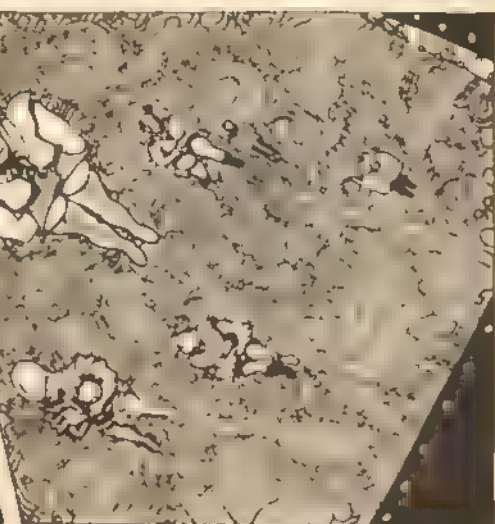
Suddenly



starboard dorsal ventilation
air compartment
smoking



all hands don't decelerators
prepare to abandon ship



the forces they
with my crew

Laurel's a lands in the heart
of one of the cloud cities

are there
a sensation

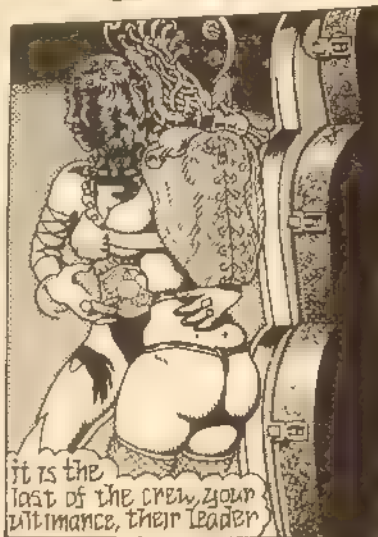
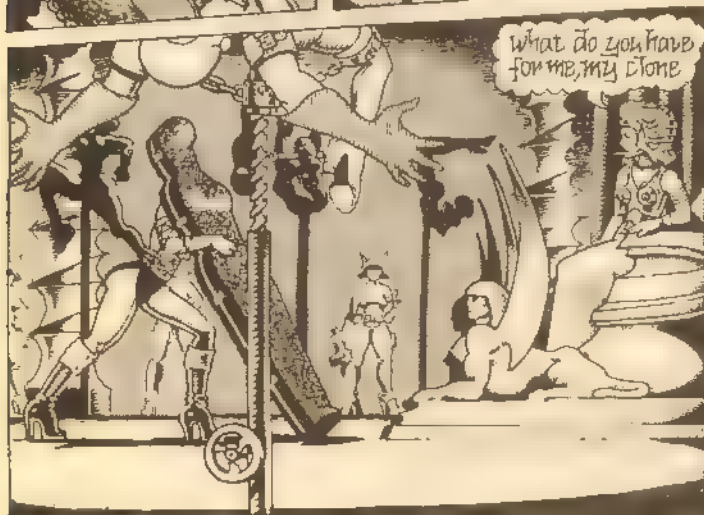


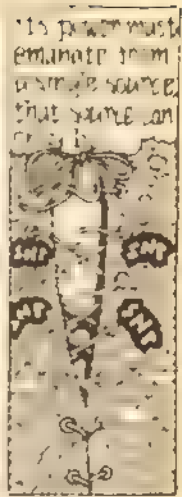
!?

Then as summoned, the
number of the band stops

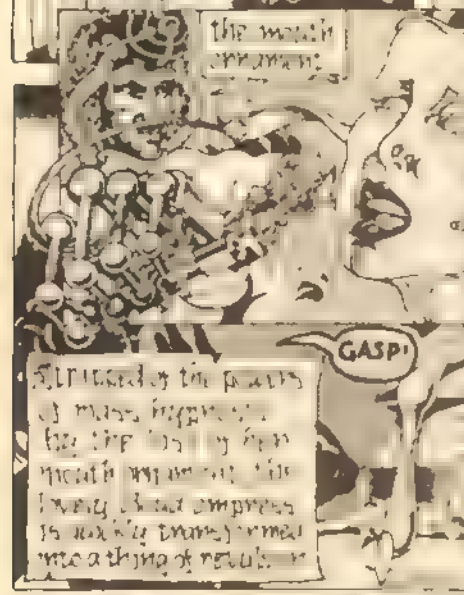


Upon a wordless signal her captive receives the means to render Sangreli's arm inoperative whereupon she falls easy prey to the clones





is power must
emanate from
a single source
that you can
control



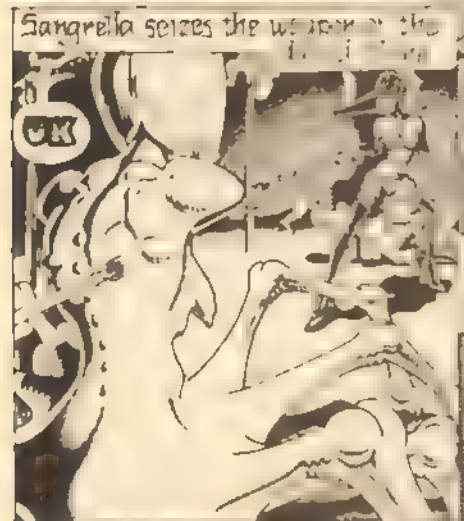
the match
arrangement



you have penetrated my
sacredly you see me as
I am, created from
past by recombining
elements

GASP!

Stripped of the power
of mass hypnotism
by the loss of her
mouth organ, the
lady of the empire
is now a thing of nothing



Sangreia seizes the weapon of the
lady of the empire



but wait now it is
I who have the power
of the throne

Sangreia
have us

The End

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK
NUMBER NINE.

© S. CLAY WILSON 1977

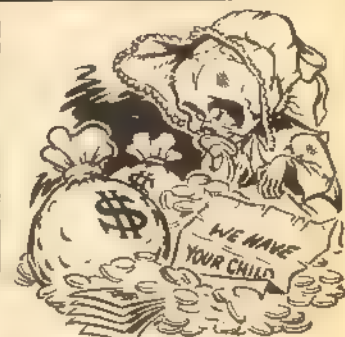




NOSE HAIR



GAG BALL



RANSOM MONEY



BASIC KNOWLEDGE



COLORPHOBIA



DIAGONAL DAN



TO STUPID TO LIVE



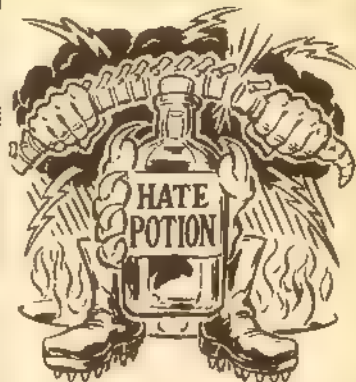
HIGH COCKAMAMIE



MILKED ACNE



HAIRLIP SMACKY MOUTH



WOLFSPIDER



LUAU LOONEY



HOT ROD NECROPHILYIC



VIDIO VEGETABLES



GORDIAN KNOT RE-TIED



MARINATED GRISTLE



GREASE THRU A GOOSE



STRICTLY

BAZOOZIED



CHANGE YOUR SHORTS!

1

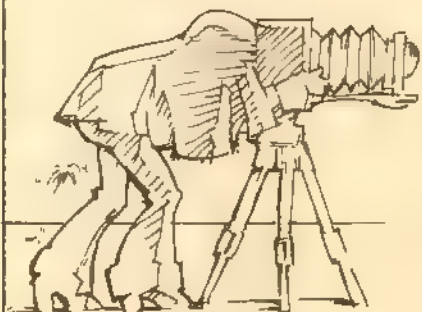
ARTIST & MODEL COMICS



2



3



4



5



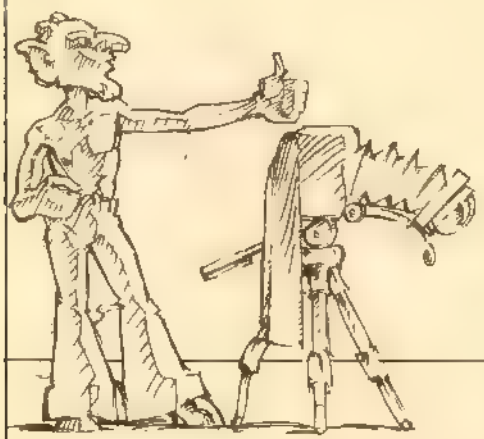
6



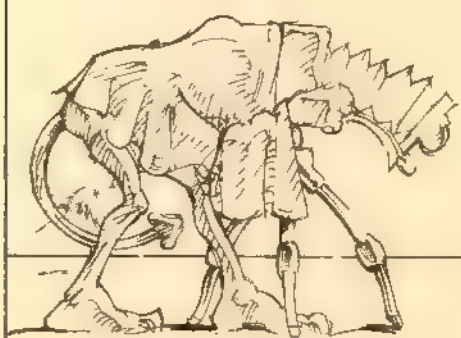
7



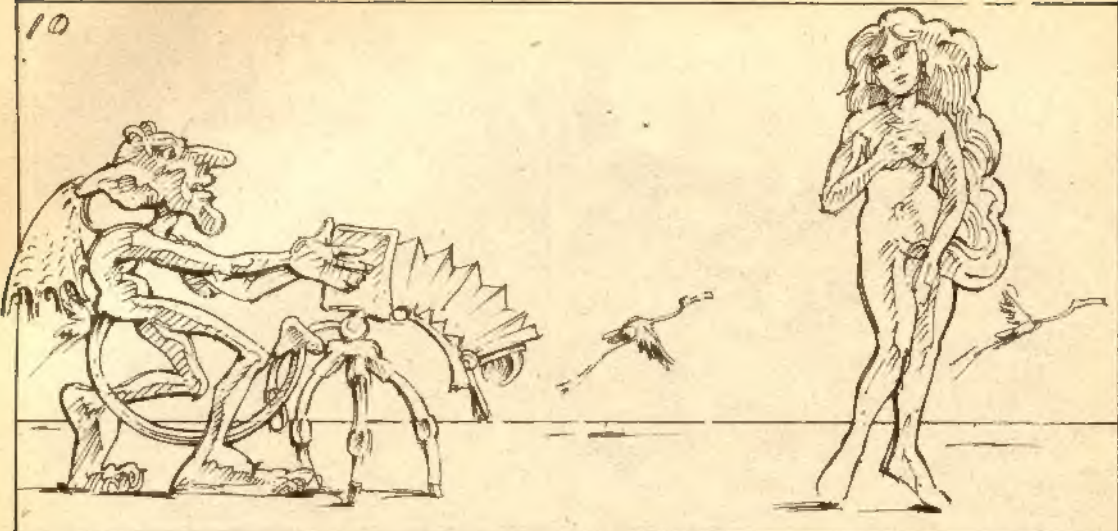
8



9



10



11



12





FOUR GUYS COMICS presents
The Sky Is, in fact, Falling

